

CDC

SWEETHEARTS

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

Sweethearts®

No 28

10¢



REAL LOVE EXPERIENCES!

Have never been presented with the
DRAMATIC INTENSITY of these...

PICTURE LOVE-STORIES

that bare the heart's most

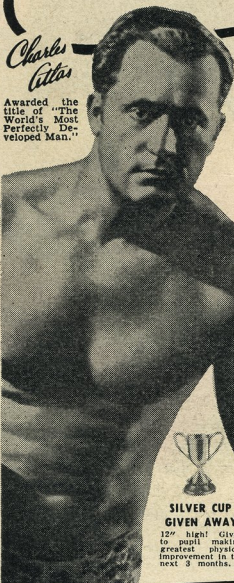
SECRET EMOTIONS!



WEB COMIC
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Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!



Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up

ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and

run down?

Always tired?

Nervous?

Lacking in confidence?

Constipated?

Suffering from bad breath?

Fat and flabby?

Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO

ABOUT IT is told

in my FREE BOOK

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD THE MUSCLE AND VITALITY** you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

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SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally, **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325L, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**



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12½ high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4½ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."
—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"
—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."
—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."
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"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."
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"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."
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dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

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"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

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115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
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- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....
☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.

SWEETHEARTS

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SWEETHEARTS

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



ATOMIC MOUSE ★ BADGE OF JUSTICE ★ BLUE BEETLE ★ COWBOY LOVE ★ COWBOY WESTERN ★ DANGER AND ADVENTURE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAILMAN ★ GABBY HAYES ★ HOT RODS AND RACING CARS ★ LASH LA RUE ★ MONTE HALE ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE ★ ROCKY LAINE ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ SOLDIER AND MARINE ★ SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER ★ This Is SUSPENSE ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY ★ WIN-A-PRIZE ★ ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

Alfred I. Fago Executive Editor



LIZ'S WEDDING DAY WAS A NIGHTMARE OF RAIN, TEARS AND A PANIC IN HER HEART THAT SAID, "RUN--ESCAPE WHILE YOU CAN!" LIZ HAD ALWAYS FLED EMBARRASSING SITUATIONS BECAUSE IT SEEMED SO MUCH EASIER THAN FACING THEM. SHE DIDN'T KNOW THAT DAY THAT SHE WAS RUNNING STRAIGHT INTO LARRY'S ARMS, AND THAT SHE WAS DESTINED TO LEARN THROUGH BITTERSWEET RAPTURE THAT-- "YOU CAN'T FLEE FROM LOVE!"

THE WEDDING CEREMONY HAD ALMOST BEGUN. SOON I WOULD UTTER VOWS OF ETERNAL LOVE THAT I DID NOT FEEL-- SOON MY FUTURE WOULD BE BOUND TO NEIL'S FOREVER. I HAD KNOWN ALL ALONG I COULDN'T MARRY NEIL--YET I HAD PUT OFF FACING THE TRUTH, AVOIDING THE ORDEAL OF SETTING THINGS RIGHT! THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY OUT, I THOUGHT-- TO RUN AWAY!

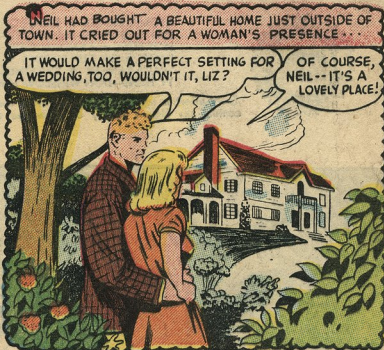
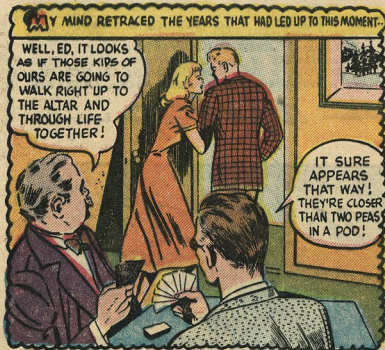
THEY'RE NOT FOLLOWING ME YET! A GOOD THING IT'S RAINY AND MISTY-- THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO SEE ME VERY EASILY!



YES--IT'S THE ONLY WAY! HOW COULD I EXPLAIN IT ALL TO DAD AND MOM AND NEIL'S FOLKS? AND I'M SURE NEIL WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!



SWEETHEARTS



SWEETHEARTS

I MADE A COZY FIRE, TOOK OFF MY WET CLOTHES, AND SEARCHED FOR SOMETHING DRY TO PUT ON. THERE WERE A LOT OF HEAVY SHIRTS AND TROUSERS IN A BUREAU...



SOON, I WAS LOST IN A TROUBLED SLEEP. LATER, I THOUGHT I HEARD THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS, BUT I COULDN'T ROUSE MYSELF FROM MY DROWSY STUPOR...



I LEAPT UP FROM THE SOFA STARTLED. BUT EVEN THEN I HAD A PLEASURABLE SENSATION AT THE SIGHT OF THE HANDSOME FACE WITH THE WARM, TENDER EYES, GAZING INTO MINE.

GOSH, I'M SORRY I FRIGHTENED YOU! I'M LARRY PHILLIPS--FREE LANCE PHOTOGRAPHER! I WAS JUST SPECULATING ABOUT THE GOOD-LOOKING PICTURE YOU'D MAKE THERE!

I-I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD APOLOGIZE-- FOR BREAKING IN-TO YOUR CABIN LIKE THIS!



SWEETHEARTS



HE TURNED TO ME THEN, HIS FACE RELAXING INTO AN INFECTIOUS GRIN. I REALIZED AT THAT MOMENT I'D MET LARRY BEFORE -- IN MY DREAMS. THEN THE DOOR OPENED...



MATILDA AWAKENED ME THE NEXT MORNING WITH A STEAMING CUP OF COFFEE. AND THEN LARRY BURST IN LIKE THE RISING SUN...



SWEETHEARTS

IT WAS A HEAVENLY LITTLE BROOK THAT CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND WENT NOWHERE-- SO THAT ONLY THE PLACE WHERE LARRY AND I STOOD SEEMED TO MATTER. I FELT AS CAREFREE AS A CHILD AGAIN...



KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR A PASSING TROUT!-- HOLD IT!

IT'S SO CLEAR, I CAN SEE THE BOTTOM!



OF ALL THE NERVE-- TAKING A LADY'S PICTURE IN SUCH AN UNFLATTERING POSITION!

LOOK OUT! YOU'VE GOT A NIBBLE!



IT'S PULLING-- OOP!

CHIN UP! LARRY PHILLIPS TO THE RESCUE!



THAT'S RIGHT! HANG ON! WE'LL REEL HIM IN YET!

GOSH!

IT WAS A THRILLING MOMENT. LARRY HAD ENFOLDED ME IN THE STRONG CIRCLE OF HIS ARMS. I COULDN'T HELP COMPARING HIM AND NEIL AT THAT MOMENT-- NEIL SO SETTLED IN HIS WAYS AND SERIOUS, AND LARRY IMPULSIVE AND WONDERFULLY EXCITING!



SHAME ON YOU-- LETTING A LITTLE FISH LIKE THAT THROW YOU!

IT WASN'T THE FISH, IT WAS YOUR BIG BOOTS THAT THREW ME!



ANYWAY, WHAT'S SO LITTLE ABOUT THIS FISH? IT'S BIGGER THAN ANY YOU'VE CAUGHT!

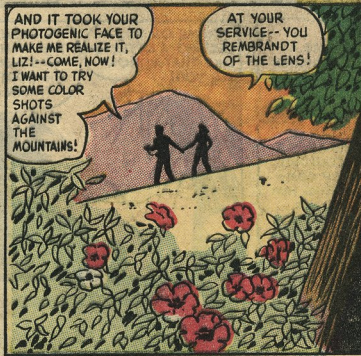
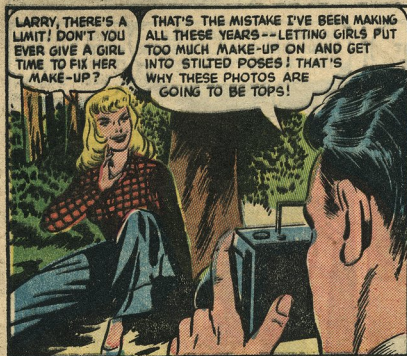
THAT'S A SWEET SHOT! I'LL CALL IT "FISH STORY"! KEEP SMILING!

SWEETHEARTS

THERE ON THE BROOK-BANK WITH LARRY--- ISOLATED FROM THE CARES AND CONCERNS OF THE WORLD-- I WAS TRANSPORTED TO ANOTHER WORLD, A WORLD OF MUSIC AND ROMANCE. THE MURMURING BROOK PROVIDED THE MUSIC...



IT SEEMS IT SPILT CHAOS TO ME NOW, SOMETHING I WANTED TO HIDE FROM. FOR A MOMENT, IT ALL CAME BACK TO ME-- NEIL, MY SHAMEFUL FLIGHT, THE DISAPPOINTMENT OUR PARENTS WERE BOUND TO BE FEELING. AND THEN --



SWEETHEARTS

I STAYED ON THREE WONDERFUL UNFORGETTABLE DAYS, THEN FOUR, WHILE LARRY PHOTOGRAPHED ME AGAINST MOUNTAINS AND SKIES, LOLLING ON ROCKS, CLIMBING PINE TREES. FINALLY WE PRINTED THE NEGATIVES TOGETHER...

LOOK AT THIS! POSITIVELY THE BEST PICTURE I EVER TOOK!

OH, LARRY, IT IS TERRIFIC! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN SELL IT?



SELL IT? EVERY MAGAZINE IN THE COUNTRY IS GOING TO HAVE ITS TONGUE HANGING OUT FOR THE WHOLE SERIES! WAIT AND SEE!

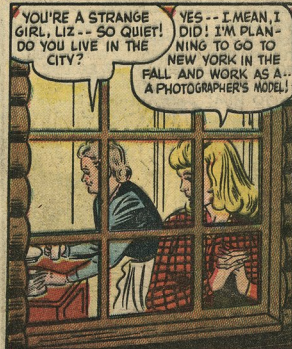
DARLING!



LARRY DROVE TO TOWN THE NEXT MORNING FOR MORE SUPPLIES. I HATED TO BE SEPARATED FROM HIM EVEN THOSE FEW MINUTES, BUT I WAS AFRAID NEIL OR SOMEONE ELSE I KNEW MIGHT SEE ME IF I WENT WITH HIM...

YOU'RE A STRANGE GIRL, LIZ -- SO QUIET! DO YOU LIVE IN THE CITY?

YES -- I MEAN, I DID! I'M PLANNING TO GO TO NEW YORK IN THE FALL AND WORK AS A PHOTOGRAPHER'S MODEL!



WHAT ELSE COULD I SAY? IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER ANYWAY! LARRY AND I LOVE EACH OTHER! HE'LL TAKE ME AWAY, AND I'LL NEVER HAVE TO THINK ABOUT NEIL AND THAT AWFUL DAY AGAIN!



LARRY WAS IN HIGH SPIRITS WHEN HE CAME HOME. HE HAD SOME BRAND NEW IDEAS FOR PICTURES OF ME, AND WE WERE ABOUT TO GET STARTED ON THEM...

BY THE WAY, IN TOWN TODAY I MET THE FELLOW WHO GAVE ME THAT ASSIGNMENT I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT!

OH? DID HE TELL YOU WHY IT FELL THROUGH?



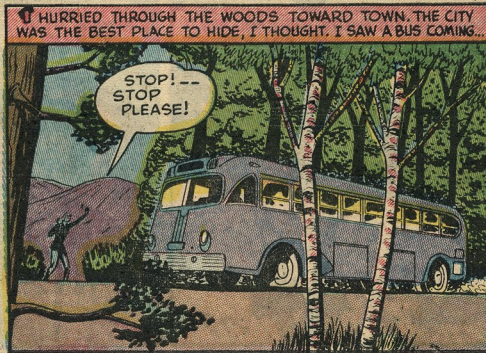
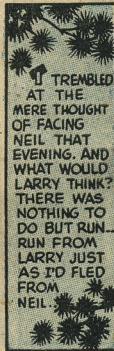
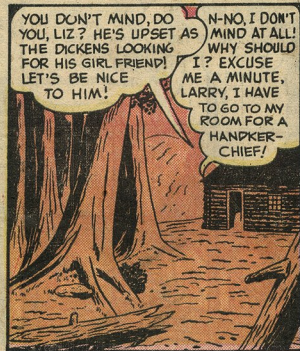
YES! I WAS TO PHOTOGRAPH A BIG WEDDING AFFAIR, AND THE BRIDE JUST UP AND RAN OFF AT THE LAST MINUTE WITHOUT A HINT OF AN EXPLANATION!

OH --!



SWEETHEARTS

I WONDERED IF LARRY HEARD MY GASP OF PANIC. THE MAN WHO'D GIVEN LARRY THE ASSIGNMENT WAS NEIL-- AND I WAS THE BRIDE WHO'D RUN OFF! MY HEART WINCED AS I RECOILED FROM LARRY'S SLURRING REMARK...



SWEETHEARTS



MAY
GAY
IRRESPONSIBLE
HOLIDAY
WAS
OVER.
I
FELT
MISERABLE
NOW.
ALL
I
WANTED
WAS
TO
HIDE.
THEN
AS
THE
BUS
ENTERED
TOWN...



NEIL
CAUGHT
UP
WITH THE
BUS AT
A
CORNER
STOP.
A
DAGGER
OF ICE
STABBED
AT MY
TREMBLING
HEART
AS
NEIL
BOARDED
THE
BUS
AND
CAME
UP THE
AISLE...



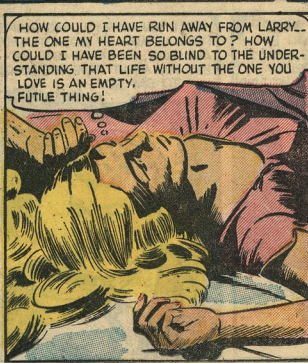
SWEETHEARTS



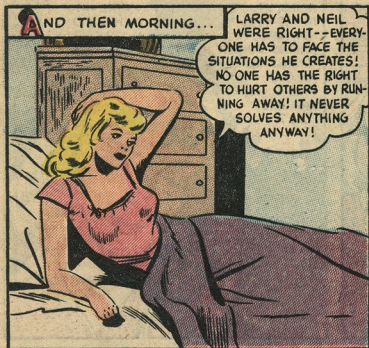
HADN'T EXPECTED NEIL TO BE SO RELENTLESS. THAT TERRIBLE MOMENT WHEN I FOUND MYSELF ALONE ON THE STREET CORNER SHOCKED ME TO THE FULL REALIZATION OF MY TERRIBLE WRONG...



BEING ALONE WITH THE NIGHTMARE OF MY OVERBURDENED CONSCIENCE WAS A TORTURIOUS PENALTY! I RELIEVED THE PAIN MY EVASIVENESS HAD CAUSED OTHERS -- AND I ENVISIONED THE HEARTRENDING HURT IN LARRY'S EYES...



SWEETHEARTS



BUT MOM WASN'T ANGRY AT ALL. SHE WAS SO SWEET TO ME, SO SYMPATHETIC, I ALMOST WEPT...



BUT I FELT NEIL WAS GONE-- FOREVER. I TRIED TO PUT THE LOSS OF HIS FRIENDSHIP OUT OF MY MIND, TRIED TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF, BUT --



SWEETHEARTS

THE FIRST THING I DID WAS GET MY OLD JOB BACK. I HOPED THAT WORKING ALL DAY IN THE OFFICE WOULD HELP TAKE MY MIND OFF LARRY...



TELEPHONE
FOR YOU,
LIZ!

OH --
THANKS,
JOYCE!

HELLO, LIZ,
THIS IS NEIL!
HOW ABOUT
HAVING DINNER
TONIGHT WITH
AN OLD
FRIEND --
MEANING
ME?

NEIL --!
WHY, I'D
LOVE
TO!



NEIL
WAS VERY
SWEET
TO ME,
AND WE
HAD A
PLEASANT
EVENING.
BUT
NEIL
WASN'T
LARRY,
AND THE
MEMORY
OF
LARRY'S
SMILE,
LARRY'S
KISSES,
HAUNTED
ME...

I KNOW WHY YOU'RE
SO SILENT TONIGHT--
YOU MISS LARRY,
DON'T YOU?

YES, NEIL, I DO! YOU SAW
HIM THAT NIGHT-- DO YOU
THINK THERE'S A CHANCE
HE'LL EVER FORGIVE ME?



I DON'T KNOW, LIZ! HE WAS
PRETTY BROKEN UP AFTER
I TOLD HIM!-- MAYBE I
SHOULDN'T HAVE TOLD
HIM ABOUT YOU-- BUT
I WAS PRETTY
BURNED UP!

OF COURSE, YOU SHOULD
HAVE TOLD HIM! HE HAD
A RIGHT TO KNOW WHAT
KIND OF PERSON I
WAS!



DON'T BE SO HARD ON YOURSELF,
LIZ! YOU'RE GOING TO BE A BETTER
AND BETTER PERSON -- AND I
HOPE WE'RE FRIENDS ALWAYS!

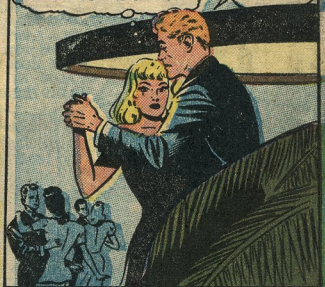
THANKS, NEIL!
YOU'RE REALLY
SWELL!



BUT
ALWAYS,
EVERYWHERE,
I KNEW I'D
KEEP
LOOKING
FOR LARRY
AMONG
THE CROWD.
HOW
COULD I
EVER
FORGET
THE
PARADISE
WE'D
KNOWN
THOSE
FEW
DAYS?

WHAT GOOD WOULD IT DO IF
I DID FIND HIM? HE DOESN'T
WANT ME! -- I'D BETTER NOT
LET NEIL SEE ME CRYING!

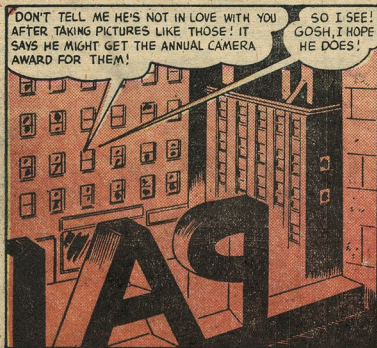
SMOOTH
ORCHESTRA
ISN'T IT, LIZ?



SWEETHEARTS



THERE THEY WERE -- THE MOUNTAINS, STREAMS, ROCKS AND TREES WE'D KNOWN TOGETHER. EACH PICTURE REMINDED ME OF A MOMENT I'D NEVER RECAPTURE...



I WATCHED THE PAPERS EAGERLY FOR THE AWARD ANNOUNCEMENTS, AND A FEW DAYS LATER--



THEN SUDDENLY, I BROKE DOWN IN TEARS OF HAPPINESS AND OF DESPAIR, TOO. I WANTED SO MUCH TO BE SHARING LARRY'S JOY WITH HIM.



SWEETHEARTS

I RAN DOWNSTAIRS AND FOUND LARRY IN THE HALL. HIS SOLEMN FACE DESTROYED ANY HOPES I MIGHT HAVE HAD OF HIS FORGIVENESS. BUT JUST FOR THE SIGHT OF HIM, MY HEART SANG!



HELLO, LIZ! MAYBE YOU HEARD I WON THE CAMERA AWARD! WELL -- I THOUGHT YOU DESERVED HALF THE PRIZE MONEY!

OH --! THANK YOU, LARRY! BUT I'D RATHER YOU KEPT ALL OF IT!



NO -- IT BELONGS TO YOU FOR YOUR HELP! AND NOW -- GOODBYE, LIZ!

LARRY, WAIT!

I COULDN'T LET HIM WALK OUT OF MY LIFE LIKE THAT. WITH HIM WOULD GO ALL MY HOPES FOR THE FUTURE. I MADE HIM LISTEN WHILE I BLURTED OUT HOW GUILTY I FELT, HOW MUCH I WANTED HIS PARDON...



I DON'T ASK YOU TO LOVE ME, LARRY -- BUT IT'LL HELP SO MUCH IF YOU JUST TRY TO FORGIVE ME!

YOU HAVE CHANGED, HAVEN'T YOU? YOU'RE THE GIRL I THOUGHT I FELT IN LOVE WITH -- SWEET, COURAGEOUS ENOUGH TO FACE ANYTHING!

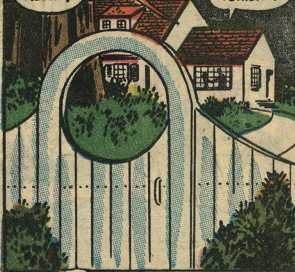


I KNOW I'VE CHANGED, LARRY -- PERMANENTLY! THE ONLY THING THAT HASN'T CHANGED IS MY LOVE FOR YOU!

I HOPED FOR THIS MOMENT, LIZ! NOW THAT AWARD REALLY MEANS SOMETHING! I'LL BE ABLE TO OPEN THE PHOTO STUDIO -- AND WE CAN GET MARRIED!

OH, MY DARLING -- I WAS ALMOST AFRAID TO THINK OF HAVING THIS HAPPINESS AGAIN!

THIS IS REALLY MY LUCKY DAY! -- WHERE'S OLD NEIL! WE CAN TELL HIM THE GOOD NEWS TONIGHT?



WE CALLED NEIL AND HE DROVE RIGHT OVER TO CONGRATULATE US ON OUR ENGAGEMENT. HE LOOKED ALMOST AS HAPPY AS LARRY AND ME ABOUT IT.

WE DECIDED TO BE MARRIED NEXT SUNDAY, NEIL! WOULD YOU CONSIDER BEING MY BEST MAN?

WOULD I? I'D BE INSULTED IF YOU ASKED ANY-ONE ELSE!

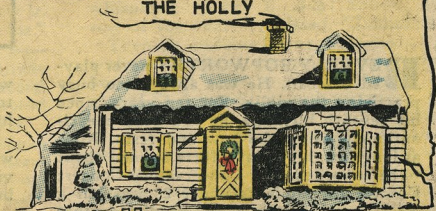


The Mistletoe

GIVING GIFTS



THE HOLLY



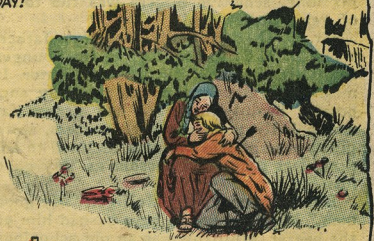
THE THREE WISE MEN BROUGHT THEIR GIFTS—GOLD FOR HIS WAS KING! FRANKINCENSE—FOR THE HIGH PRIEST HE WAS TO BECOME; AND MYRRH—AN ALL-HEALING MEDICINE; FOR THE GREAT HEALER HE WAS ALSO TO BECOME. SO, EVEN TODAY, ON CHRISTMAS EVE COUNTLESS GIFTS RELIEVE WANT, AND SPREAD CHEER, LOVE, FRIENDSHIP AND HAPPINESS ON CHRISTMAS DAY!

HOLLY, BECAUSE OF ITS EVERGREEN LEAVES, DENOTES A MIRACLE OF PLANT LIFE AND WAS CONSIDERED SACRED AND USEFUL TO KEEP OUT EVIL SPIRITS, WHEN PLACED ON DOORS AND WINDOWS.

THE MISTLETOE



IN THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS IT MEANS; "GIVE ME A KISS." IN MYTHOLOGY, BALDER, THE MOST LOVED OF ALL ANCIENT GODS, WAS FEARFUL OF THE EVIL SPIRIT, LOKI. HIS MOTHER, FREYJA, FEARING FOR HIS LIFE, EXACTED AN OATH FROM ALL CREATED THINGS THAT THEY SHOULD DO HIM NO HARM—BUT SHE OVERLOOKED THE MISTLETOE!



LOKI, OF A DART MADE FROM THE MISTLETOE BOUGH, KILLED BALDER. TEARS BECAME THE WHITE BERRIES OF THE SPRIG OF MISTLETOE.



AND SO, TODAY, WE TIE THE SPRIG UNDER A DOORWAY OR CHANDELIER, AND IF A YOUNG LADY PASSES BENEATH IT, ANY YOUNG MAN MAY KISS HER.



BECAUSE OF HIS MOTHER'S GRIEF, THE GODS BROUGHT BALDER BACK TO LIFE, AFTER THAT, FREYJA DECREED THAT THIS PLANT, WHICH HAD BROUGHT SORROW, SHOULD FROM NOW ON BRING LOVE AND TRUST.

AND WHEN HE DOES, HE MUST REMOVE ONE OF THE WHITE BERRIES AND GIVE IT TO THE LADY HE KISSED. WHEN ALL THE BERRIES ARE GONE THE SPELL OF THE BOUGH IS BROKEN. (P.S. SO KEEP MANY SPRIGS OF MISTLETOE.)

BE-BOP BOPWORTHY



BEVERLY BOPWORTHY never played baseball. He was always too busy practising the violin. For ten years, since his seventh birthday, he had been conscientiously using the bow and resin. Now, at long last, his great efforts seemed about to be rewarded. The Conservatory Concert Contest for students under 20 was but a week away. Everybody predicted that Beverly Bopworthy would win. Music teachers and competent critics who had heard him play prophesied a great concert future for the youth. They said he'd be another Kreisler or another Heifetz. In his long, sensitive fingers was the touch of genius, they said.

Mr. O. O. Bopworthy, Beverly's father, was a B. T. O. In the lingo of the younger set. That stood for Big Time Operator. It meant Mr. Bopworthy was a highly successful businessman. He had grown fat and a little pompous with success, wore pinch-nose glasses and was inclined to address less successful persons as "My good man."

But he never called Mulligan "My good man." Mulligan would have bashed him on the beeper. Mulligan was an old schoolboy chum of Bopworthy and Mulligan, in his way, was successful, too. He was foreman of a construction company and still had a flat, hard stomach despite his age.

Bopworthy said Mulligan was a rough-neck and Mulligan said Bopworthy was a stuffed-shirt and in spite of it all, they both liked each other immensely. Underneath their grown-up exteriors, they were still boyhood chums.

Each day after work they met at Joe's for a game of shuffleboard. Bopworthy, arriving there first, could hardly wait for Mulligan. He was breathless with his news. He could hardly wait for the exchange of greetings before bursting forth with, "And when Beverly wins the Conservatory Concert Contest he'll not only get the \$5000 cash prize and the four-year scholarship but also he'll be starred in the new movie, *Carnegie Hall of 1954*

"You mean, *if* he wins?" don't you," asked Mulligan.

"I said *when* he wins!" responded Bopworthy flatly.

"Mighty confident, aren't you, my bucko?"

"Not overconfident!" asserted Bopworthy. "My boy's a genius. He's bound to win. There's nobody that can touch him!"

"Want to bet?" asked Mulligan. He, too, was sure nobody could defeat the young violinist, but he felt a perverse desire to bring his old pal down a peg or two.

"Of course I'll bet!" spluttered Bopworthy. "I'll bet a hundred dollars. A thousand dollars! Any amount. You name it!"

"Well, now," said Mulligan, "money means nothing to you and me." (He said this knowing full well that money meant a great deal to B. T. O. Bopworthy. It gave Mulligan delight to needle his friend.)

"Money means nothing to us," he repeated. "Let us make a bet that means something."

"Such as what?" asked Bopworthy.

"Such as that the loser will push a peanut all the way around city hall with his nose," replied Mulligan.

"You're on!" exclaimed Bopworthy, before he'd had a chance to consider the awful possibility of losing.

AT 17, Colleen Mulligan was the most beautiful girl you've ever seen. Hers was not a classic, statuesque beauty, to be admired from behind a rope on which hung a sign "Mustn't Touch"; Oh, no! it was a lively, saucy beauty, accented by red lips, snow white teeth, laughing, mischievous eyes and raven-black hair framing her pretty face. And a healthy figure, too!

Every boy in high school would have hocked his watch for the privilege of buying her a soda. That is, every boy except Beverly Bopworthy, genius of the violin. Beverly had been too concentrated on music to notice girls. And Colleen had never given him much heed because she favored football players. Therefore, Beverly was a little surprised and shocked when, as he was trudging home after school, a dark-haired beauty literally popped out at him from behind a bush and clutched his arm.

She said, "I know it's awful of me to approach you like this, Mr. Bopworthy, but they tell me you play soooooo well."

"Uh, er," he stammered, "you must have me confused with a shortstop."

SWEETHEARTS

SHE laughed a beautiful, silvery laugh. "Wotta sensa humor!" she exclaimed. "Confused with a shortstop! And everybody knows you're the greatest violinist since Rubinoff!"

Beverly Bopworthy winced a little, but nevertheless was pleased. Colleen knew it. She kept on, "I do wish you'd play for me."

For ten years the violin had been Beverly Bopworthy's first love. In two blinks of a dark eyelash, it became his second love. He would play for her. He would play right away. He would play forever.

They were in the parlor at the Mulligan home. He was playing a particularly beautiful Beethoven sonata. He was so entranced with the music that he didn't notice her yawning. Not at first. Then he looked at her. She had the back of her hand over her mouth. He stopped playing. "What's the matter?" he cried.

"Oh, pardon me," she said, stifling another yawn. "That long-underwear stuff. It bores me so. How about some be-bop?"

"Be-bop?" he was dumbfounded.

"Don't tell me you're a square from Delaware!" she exclaimed. "They told me you were hep! But evidently you're a bring-down. I couldn't dig you with a gold-handled steam-shovel. You're sharp as a door knob. 'scuse me, I've got to cut out."

And she was gone.

Beverly's first impulse was to hurl the violin against the wall and shatter it to bits. Then he remembered what it had cost. So, bottling his bitterness, he placed it in its case and stumbled out, heading for home. Once in his own room, he shut the door and sat on his cot, staring at the wall. Here he was, 17 years old, and he had wasted his whole life, he thought. He had been practising classical violin all these years and where had it got him? He was long-underwear! He was a square from Delaware!

Having led a sheltered life among the sharps and flats, Beverly wasn't quite sure what the terms meant but by the way Colleen had said them there was no mistaking that they were derogatory!

Up to now he had been vaguely aware that most of his schoolmates spent a considerable time around the juke boxes listening to people called B. G., T. D., Stan Kenton, Elliott Lawrence and Mel Torme, but he had inwardly sneered at them. Now he wished he'd paid attention. He was smitten. For Colleen he'd have traded his fiddle for a broken-down kazoo!

The Conservatory Concert Contest was well under way. The contestant now participating was Beverly Bopworthy. The magic of his violin playing a Tschaikow-

sky sonata was making all the audience gasp.

Then there was a slight commotion. A dark-haired, flashing-eyed girl was making her way down the aisle to a front-row seat. She waved at the performer and stage-whispered, "Solid, B. Bop! Solid!" The rest of the audience hissed, "Shhhhhhhh!"

Then an amazing thing happened. The violinist departed abruptly from Tschaikowsky and went to W. C. Handy. He played *St. Louis Blues* with variations. He moved from that into *Tea for Two*, *Ain't Misbehavin'*, *Muskrat Ramble*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *Apple Honey*, *Tiger Rag* and wound up with *Star Dust*. A couple of hipsters who had gotten into the auditorium by mistake argued about whether he was better than Stuff Smith or better than Joe Venuti. About half-way through the playing, Mr. Bopworthy, the musician's father, left quickly and headed for the city hall with a bag of peanuts.

He asked the city hall policeman to witness his deed.

"I have lost a bet," he said. "I want you to observe that I push this peanut all the way around the hall with my nose."

The policeman walked along as Mr. Bopworthy, on hands and knees, pushed the peanut with his nose. He had been progressing slowly for some minutes when he saw another nose and another peanut heading toward him. He shook his head, thinking the unusual activity had made him dizzy. Then he looked again. It was undoubtedly another peanut. Also another nose. Mulligan's nose. He looked up and faced Mulligan.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Pushing a peanut!" exclaimed Mulligan. "I lost! That fiddlin' kid of yours really is a genius!"

"But?" Bopworthy was wide-eyed. "He played that cheap, trashy jazz! The contest was only for classics. I don't understand?"

"The judges gave him the prize anyway!" asserted Mulligan. "They said if he only played the scale he'd win. I got to hand it to you, your offspring's got something."

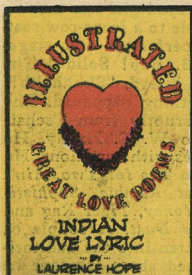
THE men were aware of two onlookers. "I must confess," Colleen Mulligan was whispering to Beverly Bopworthy, "I really enjoyed your serious violin playing. But I had to put on that act so I could see your father pushing a peanut with his nose. I thought it would be very funny."

Beverly merely gazed soulfully at her, unable to speak.

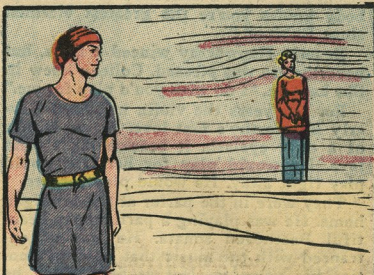
"Your offspring's got something, too," said Mr. Bopworthy to Mr. Mulligan.

THE END

SWEETHEARTS



I AM WAITING IN THE DESERT, LOOKING OUT TOWARDS THE SUNSET,
AND COUNTING EVERY MOMENT TILL WE MEET.
I AM WAITING BY THE MARSHES AND I TREMBLE AND I LISTEN
TILL THE SOFT SANDS THRILL BENEATH YOUR COMING FEET.



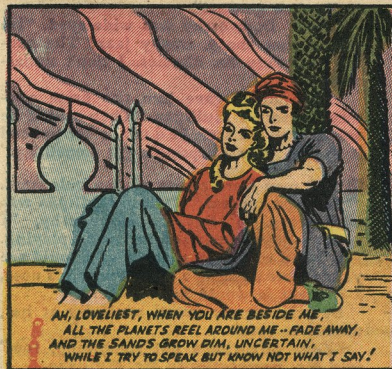
TILL I SEE YOU, TALL AND SLENDER, STANDING CLEAR AGAINST THE SKYLINE,
A GRACEFUL SHADE ACROSS THE LINGERING RED,
WHILE YOUR HAIR THE BREEZES RUFFLE, TURNS TO SILVER IN THE TWILIGHT,
AND MAKES A FAINT AUREOLE ROUND YOUR HEAD.



MY HANDS, MY LIPS ARE FEVERISH WITH THE LONGING AND THE WAITING
AND NO SOFTNESS OF THE TWILIGHT SOOTHES THEIR HEAT,



TILL I SEE YOUR RADIANT EYES, SHINING STARS BENEATH
THE STARLIGHT,
TILL I KISS THE SLENDER COOLNESS OF YOUR FEET.



OH, LOVELIEST, WHEN YOU ARE BESIDE ME,
ALL THE PLANETS REEL AROUND ME -- FADE AWAY,
AND THE SANDS GROW DIM, UNCERTAIN,
WHILE I TRY TO SPEAK BUT KNOW NOT WHAT I SAY!



I AM FAINT WITH LOVE AND LONGING AND MY BURNING EYES ARE
GAZING WHERE THE FURTIVE JACKALS WAGE THEIR FAMISHED STRIFE,
OH, YOUR SHADOW ON THE MANGROVES! AND YOUR STEP UPON
THE SANDHILLS, ---
THIS IS THE LOVELIEST EVENING OF MY LIFE!

Romance on the Menu

Helen thought she could handle her heart as deftly as the soft drinks and sandwiches she served at Bob's small drive-in. She dreamed that one day one of the rich young men who rolled up in chromed convertibles would be captured by her beauty. Then -- well, Helen knew she could handle the situation. In the meantime, she told herself, romance was not on her menu.



OUR DAY'S WORK AT THE DRIVE-IN BEGAN NORMALLY ENOUGH. AS USUAL, BOB FOUND ENOUGH TIME TO TALK TO ME ABOUT THE TWO BIG INTERESTS IN HIS LIFE. THE FIRST WAS THE DRIVE-IN...

SOME DAY, HONEY, I'LL BE RUNNING THE BIGGEST AND BEST DRIVE-IN ALONG THE WHOLE HIGHWAY. YOU'LL SEE.



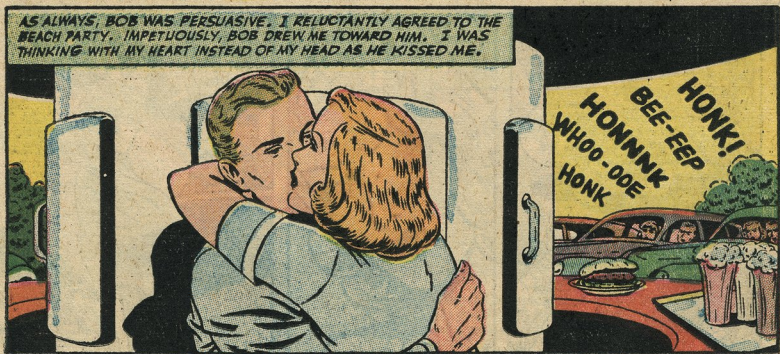
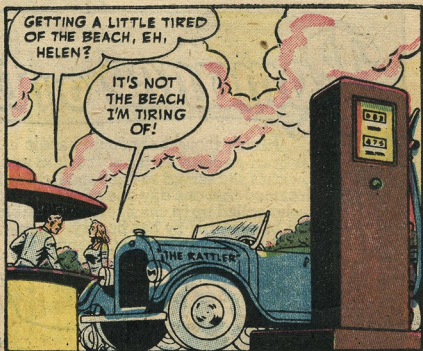
I KNOW, BOB, BUT SOME DAY IS A LONG WAY OFF --



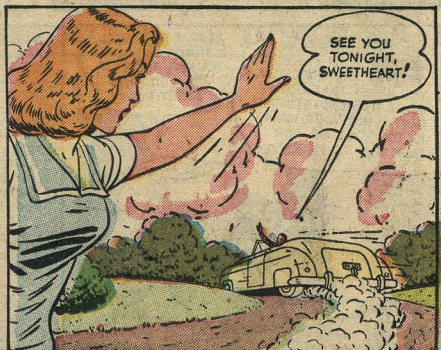
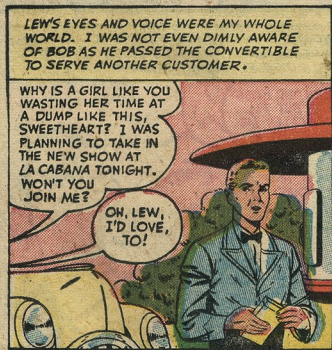
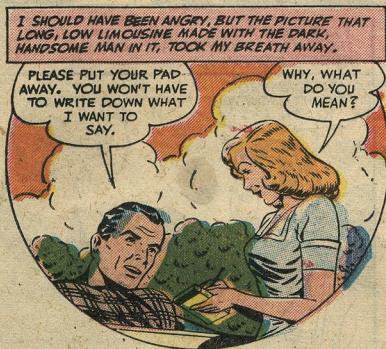
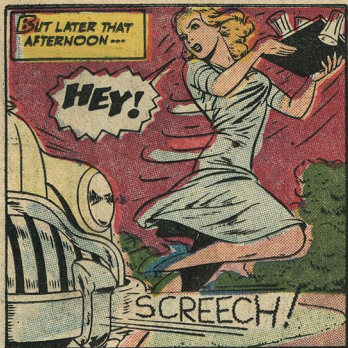
-- AND I WANT TO ENJOY MYSELF WHILE I'M STILL YOUNG!



SWEETHEARTS



SWEETHEARTS

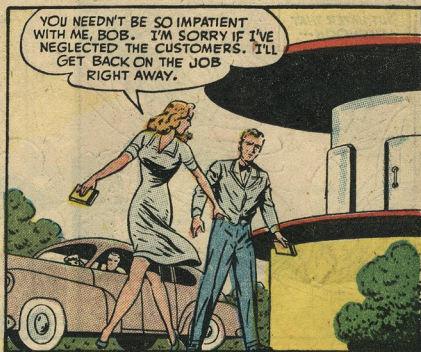


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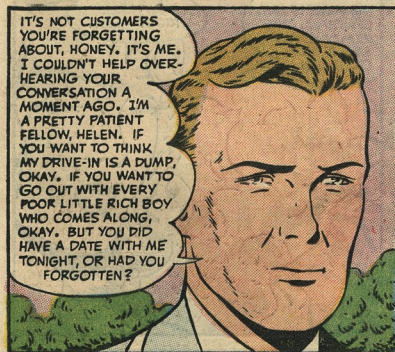


SEE YOU TONIGHT-- LEW.

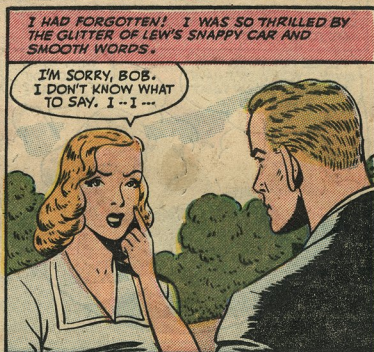
HAVEN'T YOU FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, HELEN?



YOU NEEDN'T BE SO IMPATIENT WITH ME, BOB. I'M SORRY IF I'VE NEGLECTED THE CUSTOMERS. I'LL GET BACK ON THE JOB RIGHT AWAY.

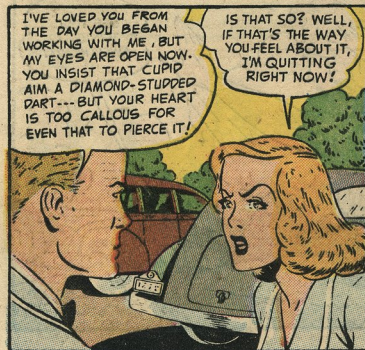


IT'S NOT CUSTOMERS YOU'RE FORGETTING ABOUT, HONEY. IT'S ME. I COULDN'T HELP OVER-HEARING YOUR CONVERSATION A MOMENT AGO. I'M A PRETTY PATIENT FELLOW, HELEN. IF YOU WANT TO THINK MY DRIVE-IN IS A DUMP, OKAY. IF YOU WANT TO GO OUT WITH EVERY POOR LITTLE RICH BOY WHO COMES ALONG, OKAY. BUT YOU DID HAVE A DATE WITH ME TONIGHT, OR HAD YOU FORGOTTEN?



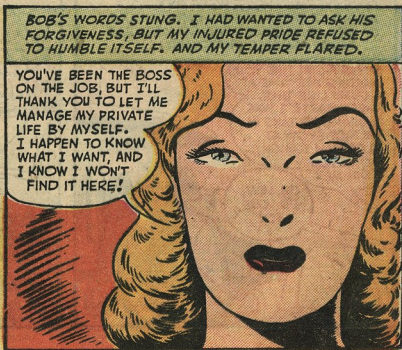
I HAD FORGOTTEN! I WAS SO THRILLED BY THE GLITTER OF LEW'S SNAPPY CAR AND SMOOTH WORDS.

I'M SORRY, BOB. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY. I--I---



I'VE LOVED YOU FROM THE DAY YOU BEGAN WORKING WITH ME, BUT MY EYES ARE OPEN NOW. YOU INSIST THAT CUPID AIM A DIAMOND-STUPPED PART--- BUT YOUR HEART IS TOO CALLOUS FOR EVEN THAT TO PIERCE IT!

IS THAT SO? WELL, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT IT, I'M QUITTING RIGHT NOW!



BOB'S WORDS STUNG. I HAD WANTED TO ASK HIS FORGIVENESS, BUT MY INJURED PRIDE REFUSED TO HUMBLE ITSELF. AND MY TEMPER FLARED.

YOU'VE BEEN THE BOSS ON THE JOB, BUT I'LL THANK YOU TO LET ME MANAGE MY PRIVATE LIFE BY MYSELF. I HAPEN TO KNOW WHAT I WANT, AND I KNOW I WON'T FIND IT HERE!

SWEETHEARTS

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN EXHILARATING EXPERIENCE, RACING ALONG IN LEW'S CONVERTIBLE THAT EVENING. BUT MY MIND WAS TROUBLED.

THIS IS MORE LIKE LIVING, ISN'T IT, BABY!

Y-YES. LEW, DO YOU THINK WE COULD STOP BY THE DRIVE-IN FOR A SECOND?

NOW, LOOK, SWEETHEART, THAT'S ANCIENT HISTORY. YOU QUIT, DIDN'T YOU? FORGET THE GUY. JUST LET LEW ARRANGE THE FUTURE FOR YOU!

YOU'RE RIGHT, I SUPPOSE, LEW, BUT... WELL... I LOST MY TEMPER THIS AFTERNOON AND I THINK I OWE IT TO BOB TO SAY GOODBYE WITH NO HARD FEELINGS.

WELL, I COULD USE SOME GAS, AND IF YOU'RE SURE IT'S GOODBYE, BEAUTIFUL, I'LL PULL IN! LOOKS AS IF YOUR PAL IS GETTING READY TO CLOSE FOR THE DAY. YOU'VE GOT THE STAGE ALL TO YOURSELF:

BOB
FILLED UP THE TANK WORDLESSLY AND RECEIVED A TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL FROM LEW.

BEFORE HE COULD GO FOR CHANGE, I MADE A SECOND ATTEMPT THAT DAY TO RIGHT A WRONG, BUT IT ONLY BACKFIRED AGAIN...

BOB -- I WANT TO SAY...

ISN'T IT ENOUGH YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED WITHOUT COMING BACK TO RUB IT IN? DO YOU WANT ME TO STAND HERE AND APPLAUD WHILE YOU PARADE BY?

I WAS AFRAID SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN, HONEY, BUT LEAVE IT TO ME. I'VE HANDLED GUYS LIKE HIM BEFORE...

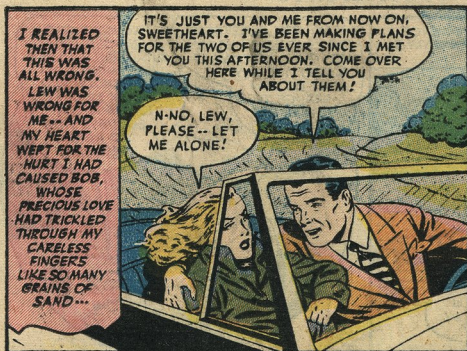
LET'S CUT OUT THE DRAMATICS, FELLA. THE LADY'S ENTITLED TO MAKE UP HER OWN MIND. JUST KEEP THE REST OF THAT TWENTY AND FORGET ALL ABOUT IT!

BEFORE BOB HAD A CHANCE TO REPLY, LEW PUSHED THE CONVERTIBLE'S GEAR SHIFT AND THE BIG CAR ROARED OUT OF THE PARKING LOT.

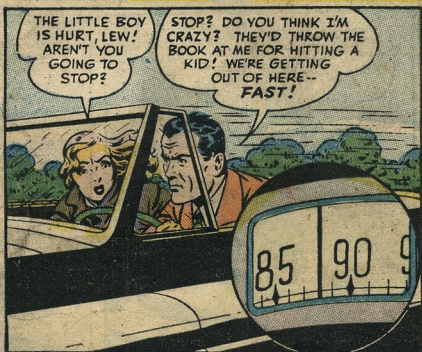
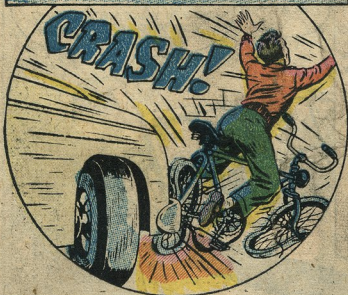
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, LEW. THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD CAN'T FIX!

HEY! WAIT A MINUTE!

SWEETHEARTS



A LITTLE BOY WAS RIDING A BICYCLE -- DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF US! LEW VEERED, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE!

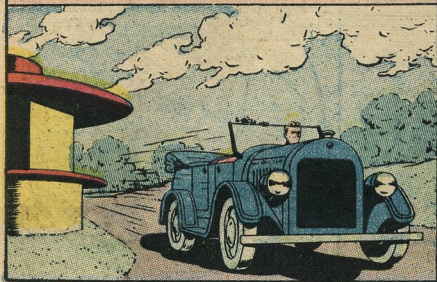


THE NEXT FEW MINUTES WERE A BLUR AS THE ONRUSHING AIR STUNG MY EYES AND TREES AND TELEPHONE POLES RACED BY. I HARDLY SAW THE DETOUR SIGN!

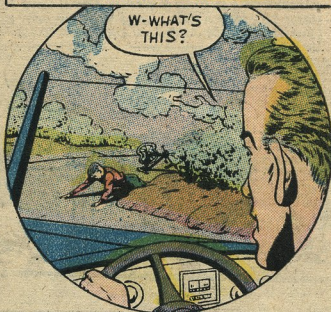


SWEETHEARTS

IT WAS LATER THAT I LEARNED THAT BOB, FURIOUS AT LEW'S TWENTY-DOLLAR GIFT, CLOSED THE DRIVE-IN AND SET OUT AFTER US, BELIEVING HE WOULD CATCH UP WITH US AT LA CABANA, WHICH HE KNEW WAS OUR DESTINATION.

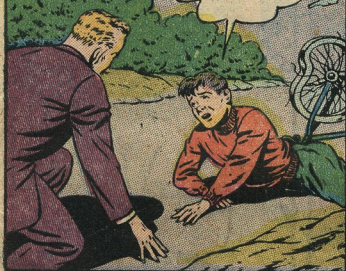


AND ON THE HIGHWAY A FEW MOMENTS LATER, HE SAW---



WHAT HAPPENED, YOUNG FELLOW?

OH, MY LEG! CAR HIT ME -- HIT ME AND RAN AWAY!



AND SOON, UNDER BOB'S GENTLE MINISTRATIONS...

I'VE GOT THAT LEG SPLINTED, YOUNG FELLOW, AND I'LL GET YOU TO THE HOSPITAL AS FAST AS "THE RATTLER" WILL TAKE US. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT. GUESS YOU'RE LUCKY I HAPPENED BY WHEN I DID. DID YOU GET A GLIMPSE OF THE CAR THAT HIT YOU?

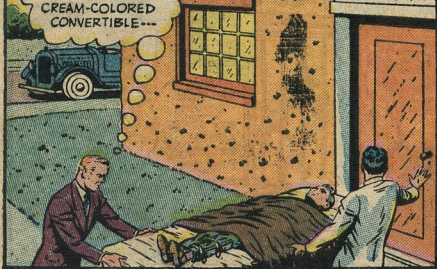
CONVERTIBLE-- A CREAM-COLORED CONVERTIBLE...



LATER, THE PAPERS ALL CARRIED AN ACCOUNT OF BOB'S RACE AGAINST TIME TO THE HOSPITAL.

A CREAM-COLORED CONVERTIBLE -- A CREAM-COLORED CONVERTIBLE---

ACCIDENT EN CITY HOSPITAL



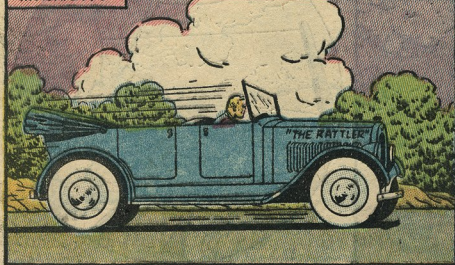
BEFORE LONG--

FRACTURE OF THE LEFT LEG, SHOCK, SLIGHT CONCUSSION, ASSORTED BRUISES AND ABRASIONS. THE BOY GOT HERE JUST IN TIME. WE OWE YOU --- WHY, HE'S GONE!

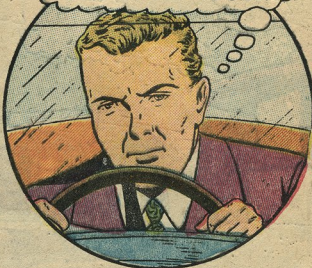


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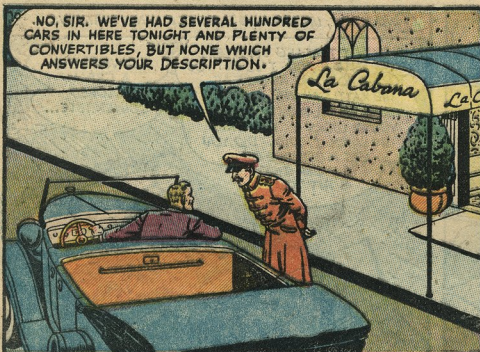
AS I HAD LEARNED THAT VERY DAY, HUMAN EMOTIONS ARE CAPABLE OF RANGING SWIFTLY FROM LOVE TO HATE, AND BACK TO LOVE AGAIN. BOB WAS BY NOW CERTAIN THAT LEW WAS THE HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER AND HE FEARED FOR MY SAFETY.



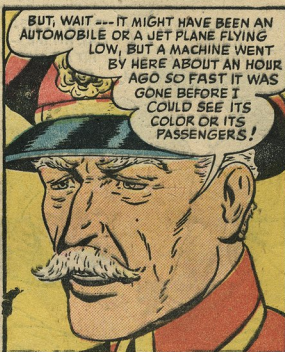
THE GUY'S AN OUT-AND-OUT HEEL! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO, OR WHERE HE MIGHT GO, LA CABANA? A FAT CHANCE, AFTER THIS, BUT I DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE!



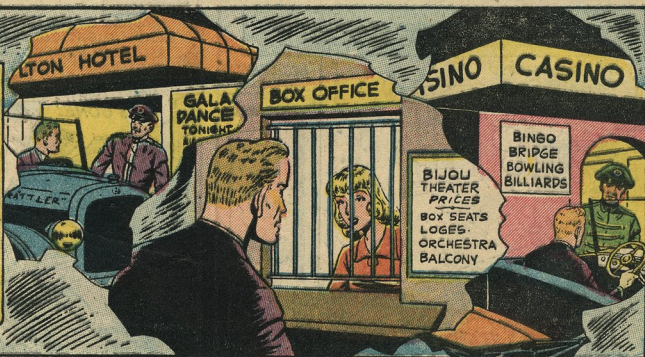
NO, SIR. WE'VE HAD SEVERAL HUNDRED CARS IN HERE TONIGHT AND PLENTY OF CONVERTIBLES, BUT NONE WHICH ANSWERS YOUR DESCRIPTION.



BUT, WAIT --- IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN AUTOMOBILE OR A JET PLANE FLYING LOW, BUT A MACHINE WENT BY HERE ABOUT AN HOUR AGO SO FAST IT WAS GONE BEFORE I COULD SEE ITS COLOR OR ITS PASSENGERS!

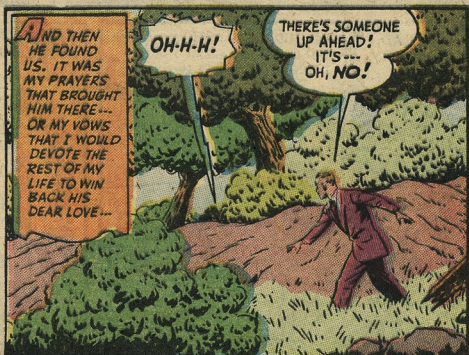
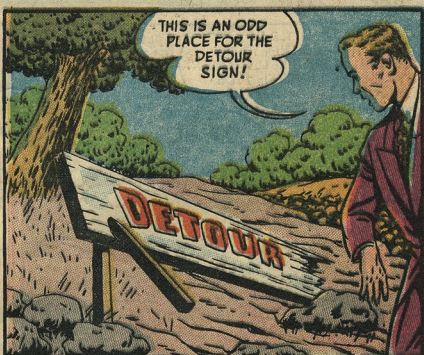
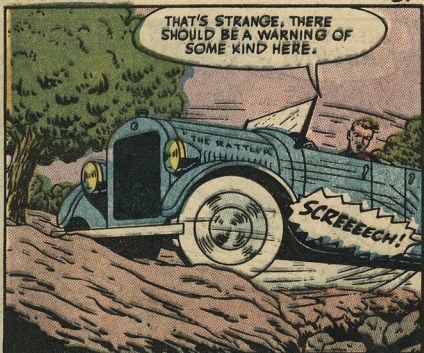
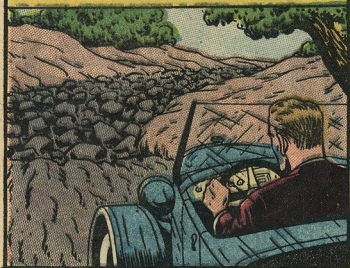


NOT MUCH TO GO ON, BUT A LOVE OF WHICH I WASN'T WORTHY KEPT BOB GOING, SEEKING OUT ANY LIKELY SPOT THAT MIGHT YIELD A SCRAP OF INFORMATION...



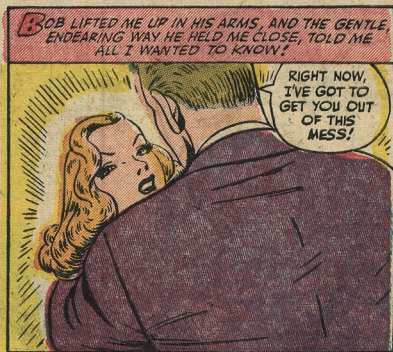
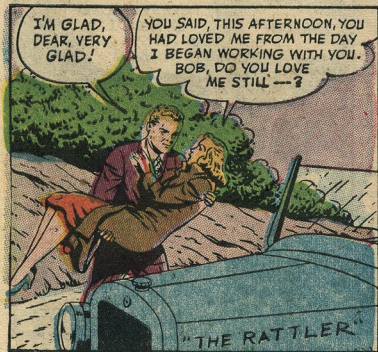
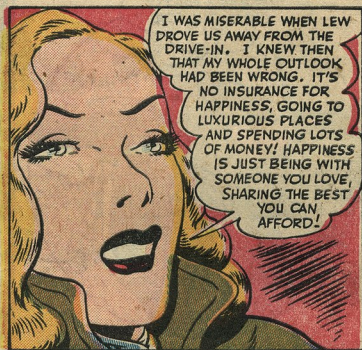
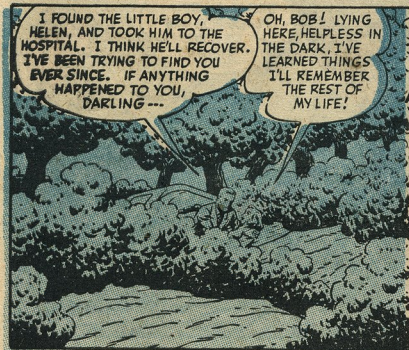
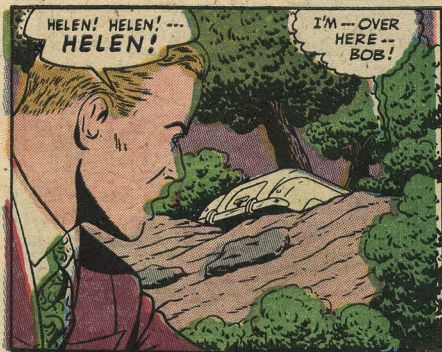
SWEETHEARTS

THEN, AT LAST, DIRECTLY AHEAD LAY THE DETOUR WHICH HAD ENDED LEW'S MAD FLIGHT -- BUT NO ROAD BARRIER, NO SIGN, GUARDED IT ANY LONGER... ONLY A TORN-UP ROADBED MARKED OUR TRAGIC PATH ---

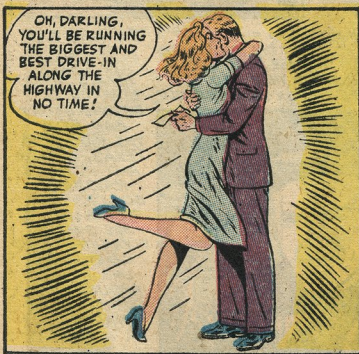
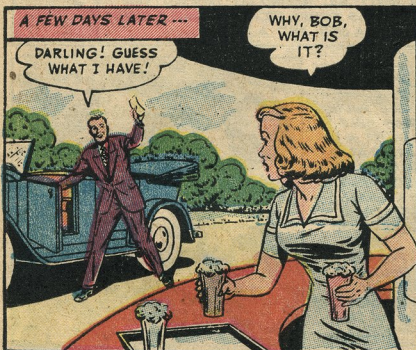
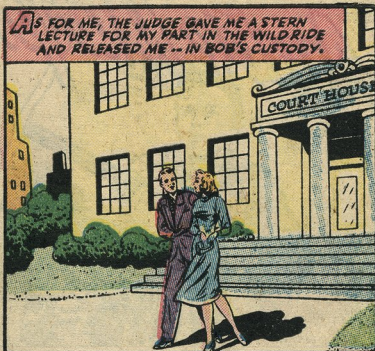
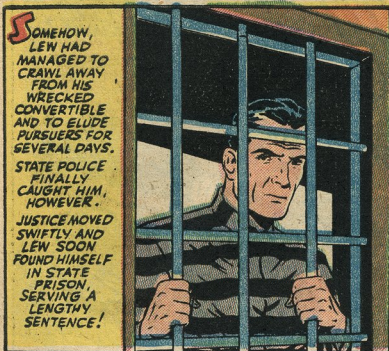


AND THEN HE FOUND US. IT WAS MY PRAYERS THAT BROUGHT HIM THERE... OR MY VOWS THAT I WOULD DEVOTE THE REST OF MY LIFE TO WIN BACK HIS DEAR LOVE...

SWEETHEARTS



SWEETHEARTS



SWEETHEARTS

Audie Murphy

TYPICAL AMERICAN
in WAR AND PEACE!



AUDIE MURPHY... ACTOR, AUTHOR, CELEBRITY, WAR HERO! BUT BEHIND ALL THIS GLITTER LIES THE REAL AUDIE MURPHY... A MAN WHOSE HAPPINESS COMES FROM THE SIMPLE THINGS OF LIFE, AN OPEN FIELD WITH THE SUN ON HIS FACE, A GUN, AND A DOG.

AUDIE'S PARENTS WERE HUMBLE SHARECROPPERS IN THE COTTON FIELDS OF TEXAS. HE HAD EIGHT BROTHERS AND SISTERS.



AUDIE, YOU'RE FIVE-YEARS-OLD NOW. RECKON IT'S TIME YOU WORKED IN THE FIELD WITH THE REST OF THE FAMILY.

SURE, POP!

BY NOT GIVING HIS CORRECT AGE, AUDIE WAS ABLE TO ENLIST IN THE ARMY AT 17! IN COMPANY B, 15TH INFANTRY REGIMENT, 3RD DIVISION, HE ROSE FROM PRIVATE TO LIEUTENANT—ALL PROMOTIONS IN THE FIELD...



AUDIE'S COOLNESS UNDER FIRE, HIS BRAVERY AND SELF-SACRIFICE, WON FOR HIM 21 DECORATIONS, INCLUDING THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR. HE WAS FLOWN BACK TO WASHINGTON AS THE NATION'S NUMBER ONE WAR HERO.

INEVITABLY, HOLLYWOOD SUMMONED AUDIE. BUT HE FACED THE KLIEG LIGHTS AND CAMERAS WITH THE SAME COOLNESS AND MODESTY THAT HAD DISTINGUISHED HIM ON THE BATTLEFIELD.



HOLD IT, LIEUTENANT. I WANT A PICTURE OF YOU

WITH THE CAPITOL IN THE BACKGROUND.

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE THE MOST DECORATED SOLDIER IN AMERICA?



THE FANS TOOK AUDIE MURPHY TO THEIR HEARTS. HE STARRED IN BEYOND GLORY, BAD BOY, THE KID FROM TEXAS, SIERRA AND KANSAS RAIDERS. SO LONG AS PEOPLE LIKE TO SEE SIMPLE STRAIGHTFORWARD CHARACTERS, LIKE THE KID AROUND THE CORNER... AUDIE MURPHY WILL BE A STAR!

The End

CHANGING STYLES IN GLAMOUR!

HOLLYWOOD SETS THE EVER-CHANGING GLAMOUR PACE FOR THE WHOLE WORLD! HERE ARE SOME OF THE MOST GLAMOROUS GALS TO COME OUT OF MOVIELAND'S DREAM WORLD...

HEY, MAMIE! LOOKIT THAT BARA GAL!

HENRY, CLOSE YOUR EYES! THIS IS SCANDALOUS! IT SHOULD NEVER BE ALLOWED!

THEA BARA FIRST OF THE SULTRY SIRENS TO SET THE NATION BUZZING, WOULD LEAVE AUDIENCES FLAT TODAY, BUT IN THE EARLY SILENT FILMS...

WITH THE ENTRANCE OF THE FLAPPER ERA, ONE OF THE LEGENDARY NAMES OF HOLLYWOOD BEGAN TO ASCEND... THE "IT" GIRL, RED-HEADED **CLARA BOW**...



STYLES IN GLAMOUR WERE CHANGING RAPIDLY AND THE NEXT GIRL TO SET THE WORLD AGOG WAS JEAN HARLOW, THE FIRST OF THE PLATINUM BLONDES! DISCOVERED BY HOWARD HUGHES, SHE ZOOMED TO FAME IN "HELL'S ANGELS."



RITA HAYWORTH, WHO BECAME A REAL LIFE PRINCESS, SYMBOLIZED A NEW CHANGE IN GLAMOUR **SOPHISTICATION!**



AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME, A SHAPELY BLONDE ROPE TO THE TOP OF THE GLAMOUR HEAP AND BECAME THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS PIN-UP GIRL...

HOLD IT, MISS GRABLE! THAT'S SENSATIONAL!



THEN, HOWARD HUGHES, WHO HAD DISCOVERED GORGEOUS JEAN HARLOW, GRABBED THE SPOTLIGHT AGAIN WHEN HE SIGNED UP **JANE RUSSELL**...

EUROPE'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE HOLLYWOOD GLAMOUR PARADE, WAS CAPTIVATING **HEDY LAMARR**, WHO FIRST WON WORLD RECOGNITION IN "ECSTASY."



The End

Boys! Girls! Mothers! Dads!
TAKE 'EM FREE!



100 STAMPS!

ALL DIFFERENT—FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE!

Start NOW to Enjoy The Hobby of Presidents and Kings with These 100 Colorful Stamps!

YOURS FREE!—100 fascinating stamps from all over the earth! Each stamp is *different*. Each worth *real money*. Each has been carefully soaked free from paper. The Total Price—in Standard Catalog—is guaranteed to be **AT LEAST \$2.00**—yet, they are **YOURS FREE!**

And that's *not all!* These 100 stamps have **NOT** been sorted out as to value... so there's no telling what *valuable* stamps you may find among them!

Get Started on The Most Fun-Filled Hobby in The World—FREE

STAMP Collecting opens up new worlds of fun and adventure to you. Practically everything that exists upon, above, and below the earth, sea, and sky is represented in one stamp or another. Airplanes, sun, moon, and stars. Tropic Jungles, fierce beasts, canals, rivers, and mountains. Great Generals, Athletes, Kings, and Explorers!

More People Get Stamps from LITTLETON than from Any Other Concern in The World

Yes, the whole world and its won-

ders are waiting for you—on these fascinating little things we call stamps. No wonder so many successful people—presidents, kings, movie stars—collect stamps! And now you can get started on this wonderful hobby with 100 exciting and colorful stamps from every corner of the world—**ALL yours ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

MAIL COUPON NOW!

Mail coupon **AT ONCE** to get the **100 DIFFERENT STAMPS** from all over the world—**PLUS** the famous **BERLIN BEAR STAMP**—**FREE**. We'll also include a **FREE** copy of our "How to Collect Stamps"—how to trade them, know their value, etc.—plus other interesting offers for your inspection. But hurry! The supply is limited. And this offer is going to be snapped up like hot cakes. So rush coupon—with 10¢ in postage to help cover postage and handling **RIGHT AWAY**. If coupon has been used, write and mail 10¢ direct to: **LITTLETON STAMP CO., Dept. CC-1-2, Littleton, N.H.**

Also FREE!

If You Act At Once!

PRIZED BERLIN BEAR STAMP!

Famous Red Russian Bear Stamp issued as propaganda to show Russians rebuilding war-torn Berlin. This stamp much sought after! **FREE** while the supply lasts if you rush coupon for your 100 FOREIGN stamps—**FREE—AT ONCE!**



LITTLETON STAMP CO.
 Dept. CC-1-2, Littleton, N. H.

Please send me—**FREE**—100 **DIFFERENT STAMPS** from all over the world, **PLUS** the famous **BERLIN BEAR STAMP**, and **FREE** copy of "How to Collect Stamps." I enclose 10¢ for help cover actual postage and handling costs.

Name _____

(Please PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

How To COLLECT STAMPS





I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION


J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television than any other man. OUR 40TH YEAR.


**America's Fast Growing Industry Offers
You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security**


I TRAINED THESE MEN

 "Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned \$12 to \$15 a week in spare time."—Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunnyside, Pennsylvania.

 "Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work."—Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

 "Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I."—Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

 "Am with WCOC. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam."—Jesse W. Parker, Meriden, Mississippi.

 "By graduation, had paid for course, car, testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs."—E. J. Streitenberger, New Boston, Ohio.

**AVAILABLE TO
VETERANS
UNDER G.I. BILLS**

You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air" perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my

Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multitester you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

**The Tested Way
To Better Pay!**

Training plus opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, good pay, advancement. In good times, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, GETS PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you more of the better things of life.

**Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15
a Week Extra Fixing Sets**

Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester built with parts I send helps you make \$10, \$15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

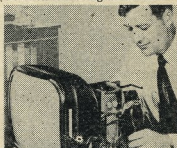
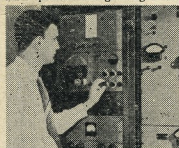
My Training Is Up-To-Date

You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.

**2 FREE BOOKS
SHOW HOW
MAIL COUPON**



Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.



About 200 Television stations are now on the air. Hundreds of others being built. Good TV jobs opening up for Technicians, Operators, etc.

25 million homes now have Television sets. Thousands more are being sold every week. Get a job or have your own business selling, installing, servicing.

Radio-TV Needs Men of Action—Mail Coupon

Act now to get more of the good things of life. Actual lesson proves my training is practical, thorough. 64-page book shows good job opportunities for you in many fields. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than total cost of training in two weeks. Mail coupon now. J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 4MK3, Washington 9, D. C. OUR 40TH YEAR.

Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4MK3
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

VETS write in date of discharge





RADIO



ROY ROGERS
FLASH CAMERA



ROY ROGERS
BINOCULARS



GABBY HAYES
FISHING KIT



RADIUM DIAL
POCKET WATCH



SPORTS
EQUIPMENT



ROLLER
SKATES



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500 FEET!



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PRIZES GIVEN

**MAKE
MONEY
TOO!**



ELECTRONIC
TWO-WAY
WALKIE-TALKIE



ROY
ROGERS
OR DALE
EVANS
LAMP



TEXAN JR.
GUITAR



WRIST WATCHES
FOR BOYS
AND GIRLS

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35¢ . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

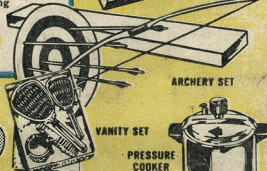
SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!



TWO-GUN
HOLSTER SET



TABLE TENNIS SET



ARCHERY SET



RED RYDER CARBINE



PRESSURE
COOKER



WALKING
DOLL



HUNTING
KNIFE
AND AX



CHEMISTRY SET



WOODBURNING
SET



TYPEWRITER



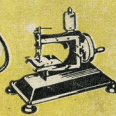
WHITE ZIPPER
BIBLE



UKELELE
WITH ARTHUR
GODFREY PLAYER



RADIO RECEIVING
SET FOR SCOUTS



SEWING MACHINE

HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we will ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 richly decorated Mottos ON TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!

FREE! MEMBERSHIP in the FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!

The FUNMAN, Dept. L-109, 4545 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill. FREE BIG PRIZE

Please: rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35¢ each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET or RFD _____

TOWN _____ Zone _____ STATE _____

SEND NO MONEY . . . We Trust You!